

NEW-YORK WEEKLY MUSEUM.

"WITH SWEETEST FLOWERS KNOWN, FROM VARIOUS GARDENS GROWN WITH CARE."

1811-VOL. XXIII.

NEW-YORK, SATURDAY, MAY 4, 1811

1103

VIRTUOUS ATTACHMENT.

A MORAL TALE.

Veritas sola est in eo nobilitas.

A very elegant villa near Hertfordshire, in the middle of a gentleman of considerable fortune. He married when very young, and loved upon his wife, who was a most amiable and virtuous woman, with the fondest affection. But alas! human happiness fleets like a passing shadow; for Heaven was pleased to deprive this gentleman of her in whom he placed all his joy, soon after she had brought him a young daughter. This melancholy event effected him so much, that it brought on a depression of spirit, which he laboured under for many years. Time, however, which wears in the memory of the severest afflictions, at length restored Mr Woodward to his usual cheerfulness. He now turned his whole attention to his daughter Emilia, who had been for a summer past instructed in the house by a worthy and an elderly gentleman, of a most temperate and unblemished character. He had also peculiar care to instil into her youthful mind the principles of knowledge and religion, and taught her that beautifying the mind was of infinitely greater consequence than adorning the person, and that the glitter of wealth and the mixed bustle were of no real worth, unless accompanied with a polished understanding and virtuous heart.

Mr Woodward found, with pleasure, that his daughter, who had now attained the age of sixteen, had endeared herself to all around her. To the almost handsomeness of shape, a pleasing countenance, and the most agreeable manners, she added the far superior charms of a virtuous goodness of disposition; but her father being always accustomed to a high sphere of life, although he possessed good principles, had still, which Emilia discovered with regret, many, that his greatest pleasure consisted in grandeur and ostentation, and that he thought only of high rank the chief objects for which he lived. His great concern now was to find a match for his daughter, whom he could consider equal in birth and fortune; and he had fixed upon a Mr Singleton, a neighbouring gentleman, who was of similar opinions with himself, as the future husband of Emilia. She, however, had previously fixed her affections on a much more worthy object.

Mr Charles Wilford, the only son of a respectable surgeon, who had long lived in the neighbourhood, was the most engaging of Emilia's numerous admirers. His father died when Charles was very young, and having owed a good many debts, left but little money. Being disappointed with Emilia from her infancy, Charles had become the happy possessor of her heart; and indeed a young man more deserving she could not have chosen. He united the most pleasing address, and a most feeling heart, to a manly and inspiring form. True to a spring of affections was Emilia's intrinsic merit, and she did he declare against those who could be so foolish as to make an union with a woman

from whom their hearts were far distant, merely out of mercenary views.

Mr Woodward had long a suspicion of his daughter's choice. He often questioned her on the subject, and at last insisted on knowing the truth, when she ingenuously confessed that her heart was fixed on Charles Wilford. He was very much displeased at this confirmation of what he feared was the case, and told Emilia in an angry tone, that he had more suitable matches in view for her, and informed her who he was.

At the mention of the name Singleton, she turned pale, the tears started from her eyes, and she inspired her father not to think of such a man to be her partner for life, for she understood he was a man of very loose principles; that she had heard many things concerning him, which redounded very little to his honor; and that his affected and foppish behaviour persuaded her they were not without foundation. Mr Woodward stared in a wild and angry manner at Emilia, and told her she ought not to believe every scandalous report, for that he knew better, and he hoped she did not doubt his judgment.

"Oh no! dear father," she replied, "far from it; God knows I would not for the world be wanting in any point of duty to you, but I hope you will never insist on any union with a man whom I cannot esteem." "And I am determined," replied Mr Woodward, "you shall never, with my consent, marry a poor country surgeon." He then rang out of the room, and left Emilia in such a state of perplexity and grief that she burst into a flood of tears, and sunk down upon the sofa.

Mr Woodward had hurried out to indulge his passion in a solitary walk, and Charles, who was passing by chance, having observed him come from the house, stopped in to enquire for his beloved Emilia. But he was struck with equal grief and surprise, on entering the room, to find her bathed in tears; and anxiously enquired the cause of her distress. She reluctantly explained to him what had passed; but she was still more astonished when he acquainted her, that he understood from a friend her father had resolved she should marry Mr Singleton next day, otherwise he would deny her his house for ever. At this information on Emilia wrong her hands in agony, but Charles endeavored to console her, and after much hesitation on her part, brought her to the resolution of setting out with him in a post-chaise early in the morning for London, where, having been recommended by several friends as a young man of uncommon abilities, he had fortunately procured a handsome settlement as an assistant surgeon to Greenwich hospital. Having arranged their plan, Charles took his leave for the day. Emilia passed a sleepless night; she struggled long between her duty to her father and her promise to Charles; a thousand times she resolved to yield to her father's commands, and as often her mind shuddered at the idea of an union with Singleton.

The long watch for dawn at length began to appear, when the rattling of the carriage announced the approach of her faithful Charles. She hurried on her clothes, and having with a trembling hand opened the back door of the house, she slipped cautiously out, without awa-

king any of the servants. Words cannot express the joy which Mr Wilford felt when he was seated in the carriage with his beloved Emilia; but she was in such terror lest her father should be apprised of her departure with Charles and dispatch some person to overtake them on the road, that for a long time she could scarcely utter a word. When they had got out of sight of the house, they drove on easily through by-ways, and at length reached London, where they were married immediately on their arrival.

Mr Woodward, when he learned what had happened, only said with an angry sneer, that he should never trouble himself more concerning her. But ah! kind Nature! thou dost not soon fail to move a parent's heart; for often does the tear of parental pity and regret soften the stern decree of short lived passion.

Mr Woodward having apologized in the best manner he could to Mr Singleton for this disappointment of his hopes, (which, however did not give that gentleman much uneasiness) continued to maintain a sullen silence, and would scarcely open his mouth even to his servants. A circumstance soon occurred, however, which melted his obdurate heart. As he sat at breakfast one morning, indulging in his mind the most severe reflections against Emilia, his servant entered the room, and put in his hands a post letter from London. Mr Woodward glanced a few moments at the seal, which was impressed on black wax; he then opened it with a trembling hand, and read as follows—

"How will you be able to bear the deplorable news of the death of your daughter, Mr. Wilford? She took so much to heart your having debared her your house, on no other account than the having joined herself to a virtuous man, that she fell into a consumption, and survived but a short time after her marriage—I can add no more, but remain with heartfelt sorrow,

A FRIEND.

Mr Woodward's feelings on the perusal of this letter can be more easily conceived than described. He remained a few minutes speechless; then struck his breast and exclaimed, "Wretched man that I am, I have killed the best of daughters!" He perused the letter again; but though the hand writing was perfectly familiar to him, his mind was in such a state that he could not recollect the name of the writer, but concluded he had concealed, lest the signature of an intimate friend at a letter which communicated such a melancholy event, should prove the greater shock to his feelings. He renewed his reproaches against himself, and exclaimed, "God of mercy, forgive me—I opposed the free choice of my child, and thou hast punished me as I deserved." He then resolved to set off the next morning for London, to seek out the unhappy Mr Wilford, to implore his forgiveness, and join in his sorrow. Having passed the day in all the bitterest pangs of an upbraiding conscience, he retired to rest, directing his servant to awake him in the morning to set out on his journey—but sleep, which ever flies the couch of the guilty, did not that night close the eyes

of the wretched Mr. Woodward. Dreadful ideas continually rushed upon his mind. Sometimes he figured to himself the lovely Emma in the last stage of a morbid disease; sometimes he thought he saw her pale corpse stretched upon the bier; and such a state of horror was in, that even the striking of the clock appalled his shuddering soul.

Mr. Woodward's servant at last rapped at his door, when he started up, hurried on his clothes, and departed with the utmost expedition.

To be concluded.

SUICIDE.

Madame Anguie having been personally attacked to the late Queen of France, expected to suffer under the execrable tyranny of Robespierre. She often declared to her sister, Madame Campan, that she never would wait the execution of the order of arrest, and that she was determined to die rather than fall into the hands of the executioner. Madame Campan, disavoured, by the principles of morality and philosophy, to persuade her sister to abandon this desperate resolution; and in her last visit, as if she had foreseen the fate of this unfortunate woman, she said, "Wait the future with resignation, some fortunate occurrence may turn aside the fate you fear, even at the moment you may believe the danger to be greatest." Soon afterwards the guards appeared before the house where Madame Anguie resided, to take her to prison. Firm in her resolution to avoid the ignominy of execution, she ran to the top of the house, threw herself from the balcony, and was taken up dead. As they were carrying her corpse to the grave, the attendants were obliged to turn aside to let pass—the cart which conveyed Robespierre to the scaffold!!

FILIAL AFFECTION.

A gentleman of Sweden was condemned to suffer death for certain offences committed in the discharge of a public office which he had filled for a number of years. His son a youth of about 18 years, was no sooner apprised of the predicament of the father of his being, than he flew to the judge who had pronounced the fatal sentence, and prayed that he might be suffered to die for a father he adored and whom he could not survive. The magistrate was astonished, and could hardly be persuaded that the youth was sincere in his request. But being at length convinced that he wished to save the life of his father at the expense of his own, he wrote an account of the whole affair to the king, who immediately dispatched back the courier with orders to grant a full pardon to the father, and to confer a title of honor on the incomparable son! This mark of royal favor, however, with all humility he begged leave to decline; and the motive for the refusal was not more noble than the conduct by which he deserved it, was generous and disinterested. "Of what avail," cried he, "could the most exalted title be to me, humbled as my family is already in the dust? Alas! would it not serve as a monument to perpetuate in the minds of my countrymen the dismal remembrance of an unhappy father's shame!" The king actually shed tears when this speech was repeated to him, and sending for the youth to court, immediately appointed him to the office of his private confidential secretary.

SCRAP.—A man who has a competency, with a good understanding, quiet temper, and a benevolent heart, enjoys as much happiness as human nature is capable of receiving.

FOR THE NEW YORK WEEKLY MUSEUM.

THE FLOWER.

BY J. W. LAWSON.

On the golden breast of May,
There hung a flower—
It bloomed to fade—it lived a day,
And smiled but for an hour.

'Twas the glory of the morn
That gave it birth;
Then drooped it on the beech forlorn,
To deck the rugged earth.

'Twas the glory of the night
That saw it die,
Then sickened pale, and hid her light
In clouds that fitted by.

Oh the tennant was unkind,
And stern the shower,
And cruel was the upward wind
That wreathed to wreath a flower.

Known to few, it lived unseen
Where wild birds roamed;
Obscurity its only screen,
The wild craves its home.

Yet the bee with busy care,
Pierced on its breast,
Ever sought in vain for treasure there,
To store the distant nest.

Long its beauties might have bloomed,
And cheered the wild,
And with its fragrance, now consumed,
The fugitive beguiled.

But the gust that left it low
To kiss the ground,
Chilled the fair bud—no ceased to grow
And drop its seeds no end.

So when rudeness blew the blast
The tender mind
Exposed on sorrow's dreary waste,
Alone to weep—declined.

Ah! I've dreamt me drooping friend,
Fair Virtue's child—
There are who love the heart to rend,
And nip the flower that smiled.

BEAUTY AND WORTH.

HOW much superior beauty faces,
The coldest become first—
But with careless faces I draw,
To sense and sweetness joined.

The coldest, where to outward show,
The workman's art is seen,
Is doubly valued when we know
It holds again within.

CUPID'S RIGGS.

Little cupid's quite a stranger,
To his native home the heart;
After wealth a constant ranger
Trucking with a pedlar's art.

Nature's language plain and simple
He no longer deigns to prize
Seldom sports he in the dimple
Seldom visits sparkling eyes.

Tracts of land and bags of money
He knows how estimate
And he'll buy that hymeneal honey
You must learn to calculate.

REMARK.—On and truth will get uppermost.

EXTRAORDINARY INCIDENT.

A very remarkable and audacious imposture is related in Pervall's Moral Dissertation, respecting the New Samuel Brown, a celebrated clergyman of exemplary life and exalted abilities. In the full vigor of his powers, when his judgment was clear, and his reason sound and consistent, at this period he published a *Defense of the rights of Nature and of the Christian Religion*, in which he treated of *Christianity as it is*, and the *Christian* as he is, and related to join in either public or private worship, although that he had fallen under the dispense of law, who had caused his rational soul gradually to be lost, and had left him only a dead life only in connection with the senses, that it was impossible for him to pray, or to witness the prayers of others. The loss of his senses, and extraordinary inability, was at some time this accounted for, and will be by some who reads it, repeat, but not of the nature for which he was not what a day may bring him. Mr. Brown and another minister were waiting together near Hampden, in a part of the road, and by a sudden attack, his companion was seized, and the other minister should attack, and what would it be? it would be a shame, answered Mr. Brown, to see persons, as stout as we are, to be reduced by common sense afterwards, the first and appeared, and while the other minister amused him with the delivery of his money, Mr. Brown got behind him, and in his arms, thrust his hand, and laid him low, but did not strike him. His companion ran for a distance, and soon returned. Mr. Brown, however, but, on detaching himself from the robber, found he had pressed him to death. The shock of this event, with the previous opinion of mind, affected his brain so severely, that he thought that God had taken away his faculties, and he did not do it judicially, for his glory, of divine rule of our behavior—*IF ANY MAN WILL TAKE CARE, LET HIM TAKE THE CARE.*

TREACHERY OF CONSCIENCE.

"With a vengeance upon thee! Why dost thou come at me with such fury now? Why, guilty as thou art, why dost thou not put me to rest, so to prevent the crime? Before the thing is done, scarce dost thou utter a word of regret. Then, if thou hast ever been a man of conscience, mightest have withstood me from the first, and not have come this laughing. But while the warnings were given for anything, thou wast quiet as a lamb; and now, after the fact is done and can't be recalled, thou rearest against me like a lion. I will say it, hold thy peace!"

It was Patrick O'Shaughnessy, with his such a thesaurus, expostulating with his own conscience. Patrick had reason on his side, rather in apices once he was ready; for he had first abused his conscience, and had not shared him. True it is, if conscience were always a faithful alibi and in good season, might prevent most of the crimes which are committed in the world. Did conscience point the crime as brightly before it was done, as after words, in most instances it would not be done at all. Its most powerful warnings are too late for prevention, like the warning of the clown to old Squeaker, *take care* after he had actually received a blow. At the very next time, when temptation makes its assault and the warning voice of conscience is most needed, this faithful survey is rather asleep, or off her guard. But once in the deed done and its penalties begin to be felt, then she screams out her warnings and reproaches, and shows that even conscience itself needs moving as well as the other moral faculties is deprived of it. It shows, too, that those who call themselves God's servants, and thus ascribe to it, a sort of rational divinity, give it more than its just due. A misguided conscience is an insupportable load; for it roars a stern and irresistible voice at the very approach of temptation. Whereas an evil conscience keeps silent till the sin is committed, and then rates his ally for prevention, but to give torment.

REMARK.

An unfettered man with a good capacity, is like a rough diamond, that every one wants to see polished.

The Weekly Museum.

NEW YORK, MAY 4, 1851

CORONER'S REPORTS.

On Friday, 26th ult. the body of Mrs. Benjamin Chapin, of William street, was taken out of the North River, drowned, by what means not ascertained by the inquest.

On Saturday morning Mrs. Margaret Town, of Spring-street, fell down dead in a fit of apoplexy, in a store at the Fly Market.

On Sunday morning an inquest was held on the body of Mr. Hugh McKenna, of Lombard street, who died by suicide the night before with his wife.

And on Monday morning an inquest was held on the body of Mr. John Smith, who it appears had been on Sunday evening thrown himself into the Battery in a state of derangement, and was drowned. He had stated the day before that his parents, who are natives of Ireland, resided at Troy where he was born. [The coroner's report in this case is published elsewhere.]

ST. DOMINGO.

The differences that appeared to have been settled between Petion and Rigaud in the last of St. Domingo, (or Haiti) have burst into flame. A gentleman lately from Port-au-Prince, relates that strong expressions of affection between his master and negroes, were visible. The former were no longer in the district of Cay, a town and centre of Rigaud's army. There is little security in this afflicted island for the lives or property of strangers; and for which among people more civilised lead to open generous contest, where mercy to conquered friends is one of the marks of victory, and assumes the character of a massacre—of blood and slaughter.

Ed. Whig.

After days since an inquest was taken on the body of Sarah Crawford, a domestic servant, who was found dead in a room, and down her throat to the neck. A medical assistance was called to visit her, and found insane, her mouth and part of her face in a state of mortification (which prevents taking medicine) and her daughter examined her fears that her mother had swallowed a soldier in it. She died the next day. The jury returned a verdict of insanity, and the cause of her death was the mortification of her throat. The husband of this poor woman was in the sea at South Sea Commodore, and drowned himself.

Lon. Pap.

HORRID MURDER.

Paris, January 22.

The letter of the Affair contains the following, addressed on the 14th inst. by the

sub-prefet of Gomet, to the prefect of the department of the Affair:

"M. Prefect—I know not how to give you the narration of a frightful crime, committed on the 13th ult. in the commune of Biozat. My own tears recoil at tracing details so horrible. A young woman 25 years of age, has just murdered her father, her mother, her brother, and two sisters.

On the 13th of December, Aunab Albert, of the commune of Biozat, a respectable man, poor, and with a large family, was obliged, by the bad state of his affairs to sell a part of his property. His daughter, Madeine Albert, of a violent character, of suspected morals, and unfortunately accustomed to abuse her father and mother, reproached her father in language the most violent on account of his sale, and ended by imperiously demanding a part of the sum which he had received. The father refused, mentioning to her at the same time the state of his affairs; she insisted, and abused him outrageously. The father veiled and affronted at the insolence of his daughter, gave her several blows on the shoulders, and ordered her to go to bed. She obeyed and went to bed. A quarter of an hour after she seized an axe and advanced without notice towards the fire side where her father, mother and three brothers and sisters, were warming themselves.

She aimed a blow with the axe at her father's head, laid open his skull and in spite of the cries of her family she repeated the blows. He was killed by the first stroke; and one of the wounds would have been sufficient to deprive the unfortunate man of life. They were so deep that the monster must have had extraordinary strength to produce them. She then threw herself on her mother, without being stopped by her prayers and signs, a cruel war then followed with the mother, and laid her at her feet. Her two sisters, one eleven, the other three years old met with no greater mercy. She struck the eldest both on the head and neck, but did not kill her, because the poor creature crept under the bed.

"These numerous crimes did not satiate the tyrant. She seized her youngest sister who held her mother's body, took her in her arms, and threw her alive at the window.

"Of all this family a brother, 15 years old, survived by a kind of miracle. He was so fortunate as to creep behind a trunk to open the door, and to make his escape, calling for assistance. Madeine Albert added to so much atrocity the refinement of hypocrisy. She called to her brother, requested him to return, and promised to do him no harm. In a voice the most mild and calm, she endeavored to prevail on the boy to return to the house; but he was too much terrified; he ran away and took shelter in the house of a man of the name of Richard. In consequence of his story, several of the inhabitants went to assist the family. They found Madeine Albert walking with great agitation in the house, with a large knife in her hand, with which she threatened to kill any one that should approach her. The darkness of the night, and the terror inspired by so dreadful a sight, paralyzed the courage of these men; they durst not advance and seize her. In their presence Madeine Albert took from her mother's pocket the key of a cabinet, opened it, took out the money that was in it, and went out of the house, without any of the witnesses having the courage to seize her or follow her. It is supposed that she is gone towards Riom or Clermont; the gens d'armes are in pursuit of her."

"I have the honor to be, &c.

"SARTIGES."

COURT OF HYMEN

MARRIED

On Saturday evening by the Rev Mr. Connor, Mr. Van Herbert Whitlock to Miss Hannah Stevens, of this city.

On Monday evening by the Rev Mr. Broadhead, Col. Francis Salton to Miss Anna B. Bond.

On Thursday morning last at St. John's Church by the Rev Dr. Hubart, Mr. John Oldham, merchant, to Miss Maria E. Smith, daughter of the late Mr. John E. Smith.

At Staten Island on Saturday evening last by the Rev David Moore, Mr. Warrington Connor, of the firm of Cooper and Keely, merchants of this city, to Miss Elias Newman of the former place.

At Mount Pleasant on the 24th ult. by the Rev Emmanuel L. Carrallin, Mr. Jacob S. Solis of this city, to Miss Charity Hays, daughter of Mr. David Hays of Mount Pleasant, N. Y.

In Gloucester county Penn. on the 26th ult. Mr. Jacob Wortman to Miss Catharine Monshire, and on the 28th ult. Mr. Wortman's aunt, all persons against trusting his wife Catharine—A short honey moon!

At Blooming Grove, Orange county, on Saturday evening the 26th ult. by the Rev Mr. Grant, Mr. Samuel Burdett to Miss Jane Beck, eldest daughter of Wm Beck all of the same place.

On the 9th ult. at Connecticut Farms, N. J. by the Rev Mr. Thompson, Mr. William S. Chapman merchant of the city of New York, to Miss Abby Beach daughter of the late Col. Beach of Newark,

MORTUALLY.

DIED

On Friday morning the 18th ult. Mr. George Caldwell, aged 60 years.

On Sunday evening last Mrs. Mary Halsted, wife of Capt. Benj. Halsted, in the 59th year of her age.

On Monday afternoon at a lingering illness, Miss Jane Remsen, daughter of John Remsen.

In the West Indies of a malignant fever, Wm. Willocks, jun. son of Wm. Willocks of this city.

NEW AND INCREASING

CIRCULATING LIBRARY.

CHARLES N. BALDWIN.

Having opened a Circulating Library at No. 2 Chatham Square, adjoining the New Watch House, solicits the assistance of the Ladies and Gentlemen of this city, hoping to give general satisfaction by procuring every new work of merit as soon as published.

The collection at present contains near one thousand volumes, in almost every class of literature, which tends to raise the genius and enliven the heart, and may be had on the following moderate terms.

Per Annum	dols, \$	00
Per Six Months	\$	00
Per Quarter	\$	00
Per Month		75
Per single volume (octavo)		12 1/2
Per do (duodecimo)		6
Payable half in advance.		

N. B. On the 1st of May, the Library will be removed to No. 106 Chatham street, opposite Russell street.

COURT OF APOLLO.

BY MISS BALFOUR.

The sun was set, the sea was calm,
The evening breeze had died away,
The falling dew was fraught with balm,
And nature hush'd in slumber lay,
'Twas then I left the heart clad hill,
And hasten'd towards the spreading trees,
To meet beside the winding rill,
My *Eva delish gramacher*.

That night of bliss too swiftly flew,
While vows of endless love we swore,
Ah! what avail'd our loves so true,
When doom'd by fate to meet no more,
A fever o'er her limbs was spread,
Which soon her soon from love and me,
And cold and lonely in the bed,
Where rests my *delish gramacher*.

Through years are past my heart o'erflows,
Not yet has cease'd with grief to swell
Sore peace nor ease my bosom knows,
Save on the beautiful theme to dwell,
And oft when evenings dying gale,
Light breezes o'er the sil'ning seas,
In anguish o'er her grave I wail
My *Eva delish gramacher*!

TWO OF A TRADE.

A Fisherman one morn display'd
Upon the Steine his net—
Cousin's could not promenade
And 'gan to fume and fret.

The fisher cried 'Give o'er the splices
We both are in one line,
You spread your nets upon the Steine,
Why may not I spread mine!

Two of a trade can ne'er agree,
'Tis that which makes you sore,
I fish for flat fish in the sea,
And you upon the shore.

PLEDGE OF BEAUTY.

Friendship is the bond of reason,
But if beauty disapprove,
Heaven disposes all other reason
In the heart that's true to love.

The faith which to my friend I swore,
As a evil oath I view,
But to the charms which I adore,
'Tis religion to be true.

ROSE BUDS.

Whether your Rose Buds while you may,
Old time is ever flying,
And that sweet flower which smiles to-day,
To-morrow may be dying.

Wisely improve the present hour
Be innocently gay,
Slight not the pleasures in your power,
Which will not cannot stay.

OUR PASSIONS

True, Lycidas! but think not so,
Another truth to shew,
Our Fashions make our Virtues gay,
But makes our Vices rue.

EDWARD ROCKWELL.

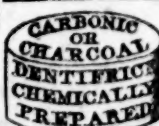
No. 200 Broadway,

Respectfully informs his friends and customers that he makes and has for sale a large assortment of fashionable gold Earrings some plain, fine gold pearl and filigree some with coralline and pearl, Earrings with hair, doo, drops do, with coralline, topaz and pearl of the newest pattern a large assortment of pearls and plain, brooches, brooches, bracelets, necklaces pearl and plain Finger Rings, Miniature Settings, lockets, watch chains, keys and seals, elegant silver tea sets, soup ladles, table deserts and tea spoons sugar tongs salt spoons silver snuff boxes, thimbles, coral and bells and pencil cases.

He has also fashionable plated silver garden edge candlesticks and branches, brackets and lamp holders, do mothers and trays with silver garden and shells liquor frames, bread baskets with silver garden and shells, fruit baskets ditto cruet and soy frames, crest frames with rich cut glass of 6, 7 and 8 bottles, with silver garden shells and feet, bottle stands, soup ladles, low priced candlesticks and castors.

Morocco pocket books, snuff boxes, tortoise shell pearl and tutania sugar boxes silver, gilt, plated and steel spectacles pen and sportsman's knives razors, and cases, scissors tooth brushes, shuttles, bodkins hooks and eyes, coralline coral amber, pearl and gilt beads, table knives and forks Steel and Carver's Britania tea pots, tortoise shell and ivory combs and variety of articles appropriate to this line of business which are too numerous to mention which he will sell at the lowest prices.

Feb 23



JUST RECEIVED

A large and elegant assortment of Egyptian razors, with three blades, and, magnum boum and refined steel of a fine quality. Gentlemen portable shaving cases, and ladies and gentlemen's bagged dressing Cases of different sizes for sale by Nathan, of Smith Chemical Perfumery from London, at the Golden Rose No 150 Broadway corner of Liberty Street.

Also the following articles as usual with many other too numerous to mention Rose Oil Antique for curling, glossing, thickening and preserving the hair and preventing its turning—chemical cosmetic wash balls his fine cosmetic cold cream, clays and powders the skin from chapping, odour of roses for smelling bottles Smith's improved chymical milk of roses Smith's pomade de Grasse for thickening the hair, violet soap Smith's tooth paste warranted his superlative white hair powder violet rose 3s 6d Smith's rose soap for washing the skin Smith's highly improved hard and soft pomatum, Smith's balsamic lip salve, Rose Smith's lotion for the teeth his purified alpine shaving cake, made on chymical principle to help the operation of shaving Smith's celebrated corn plaster elastic worsted and cotton Garters, salt of lemon for taking out iron moids ladies and gentlemen's pocket books the best warranted Morocco razor elastic razor strope shaving boxes Pommes savons tortoise shell ivory and horn combs smelling bottles &c. Green allowances to those who buy to sell again Tooth Powder and opiate black pins tooth and cloth brushes vegetable rouge and pearl cosmetic lavender cologne honey hungary rose Jessamine Can de miel and can Tave water shaving powder—corn plaster, &c.

Merchants supplied wholesale for exportation New Novels &c. for sale at this Office

New NOVELS for sale at this Office.

Scottish Chiefs
Dominion
'Archie in search of a Wife
Adeline Mowbray
Bravo of Venice
Leonora
Ella Rosenburgh
Soldiers Love and Sailors Friendship
Saracen's son
Modern Ship of Fools, &c.

Also
Just received a neat pocket edition of Young's Night Thoughts price 76 cents.

SALES AT AUCTION

BY GIBBY & MENAGHAN
No. 120 Water street.

This evening at half past 6 o'clock, a Valuable collection of Books, of Law, Divinity, History, Tracts, Novels &c.

M. B. There will be Sales of Books on every Saturday Evening, through the season Catalogues on the day of sale.

CHEAP SHOE STORE



At No 91 Broadway,
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